

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are misled, as I was a year ago, in supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community. It seems to me now to be no more the organ of that body than though the O. C. had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, and find it, among all the Socialistic organs, without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The hard times crowd us all. Now and then an able-bodied man sends us a dollar and apologizes for not sending two by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks. On the other hand, our annual receipts do not thus far half pay for the bare cost of paper and printing, to say nothing of editorial labor. At the same time many of our subscribers are wealthy and sometimes send us more than the price of the paper. These circumstances have suggested the following plan for equalizing burdens all round: Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription send it to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would have the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack.

PUBLISHERS' CAVEAT.

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST will in the future, as in the past, publish all well-written accounts of new Communistic and Coöperative Societies which may be offered in good faith; but it should be clearly understood that its conductors disclaim all responsibility for the character or success of such Societies. They consider that they perform their duty if they exclude schemes which are manifestly hair-brained or fraudulent and continue to set forth, as opportunity offers, the principles which seem to them to lie at the foundation of successful Socialism.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

According to the last census only every fifth person in the United States is an agriculturist.

Strikes for higher wages are common nowadays in different parts of the country, and the strikers are successful rather more than half the time.

Charles Fourier offered to be "the lowest clerk in his establishment" if Robert Owen "would found a company for the trial of Association." Pellarin, Fourier's biographer, says so, and quotes Fourier's letters to prove it; but Owen contented himself with thanks, and did not return a favorable response. Afterward Fourier said sharper things of Owen than are ever heard in the "mutual criticisms" of the Oneida Community.

Dr. Talmage, since his return to this country, has been giving in lectures his observations in Great Britain. He says that England is over-populated, and ought to send her people by millions to other countries; and of Ireland he says, legislation for Ireland's deliverance from enforced rental and other evils must come from England, or Ireland will "swing off and legislate for herself;" for every man, he affirms, is "entitled to a God, a country and a home."

The improvement in business prospects has now extended to every leading class of American interests. Farmers rejoice in the great enhancement in the price of their staple products, in the wide extension of their existing and prospective markets, and in new opportunities for expanding the domain of fertility. Manufacturers are overrun with orders, and mills, factories, and furnaces which were either abandoned or worked on short time a year ago now bristle with activity. Operatives are eagerly sought in thousands of workshops where the sad necessity of discharging faithful artisans was formerly imperative, and an increase of wages has been substituted for the grinding process of repeated reductions which followed the panic. Mining interests are being more actively developed than at any former period. The output of coal exceeds in quantity the most sanguine expectations, and irresistible tendencies toward a substantial increase in prices are at last manifested. The development of the gold and silver mining regions is progressing on a gigantic scale. Many mercantile establishments are reaping greater harvests from the active demands of their customers, and the rapid rise in the value of their goods, than could be gleaned at any previous period since the commencement of the era of inflation. Investors and speculators rejoice once more in an epoch when the quotations of stocks jump upward with a rapidity that quickly fills the pockets of the bulls, and leads the timid and despairing to believe that many of the fortunes which seemed to be lost forever can now be regained.—Progress.

Thomas M. Newbould, in his recently-published sketch of Brook Farm, gives the observations of "a young visitor [probably Mr. Newbould himself] to the place during the summer of 1845." "The novelty of the farming department," he says, "was an amiable bull, tractable as an ox, which was employed both in teaming and plowing without a display of any vicious tricks. Among the miscellaneous workers was an old gentleman manufacturing an orrery, after a peculiar design of his own. Mr. Ripley was also observed carrying two milk-cans from the cow-stable to the kitchen. At supper about sixty sat down, the few other members being engaged in waiting and in the kitchen. Several visitors and the elder scholars were included in the number. Comprehended in the palatable repast was an economical mixture called brewis, consisting of bread scraps boiled with sufficient milk and water to soak them well, and a little sugar. No food was wasted. There was a buzz of brilliant talk throughout the meal, and short speeches ensued. Mr. Brisbane, in a rhapsody upon the future of the world, foresaw the period when the human race, at a given moment, would clasp hands around the globe in token of fraternity. Facilities for this would be furnished by a series of rafts across Behring's Straits, and the arctic and antarctic regions, being warmed by the aurora borealis, would offer an agreeable climate for the operation. It was a theory of Fourier that in remote ages those regions, through the heat and light of the aurora borealis, enjoyed a tropical climate, which the discoveries of tropical plants and the skeletons of tropical animals beneath the surface have tended to prove. Convulsions of the earth, he thought, had deranged the operations of the aurora, but with a cultivation of the soil, a proper location of forests, and other appliances yet to be discovered, it

would again find free play for its electric currents, and again exercise a beneficent influence. Mr. John S. Dwight, in response to Mr. Brisbane's forecast, suggested that some kind of tea would necessarily be consumed on that festive occasion. He suggested *uni-ty*, and his witticism was received with loud laughter. The members strolled at will after supper, and a small party, including Mr. Dwight, adjourned to the Eyrie parlor, where that gentleman played a few pieces of Beethoven on the piano, accompanied by the voice of a young lady visitor. All were at work again, many visitors included, after breakfast on the following morning."

As *The Worker* puts the matter there is only a choice of Communisms: we can take our choice, and have a "Lord's Communism" or a "Devil's Communism." It says: "If our good people who are so mortally afraid of Communism will compute the whole cost of the taxation imposed upon them by the vagrancy, enforced idleness, non-production, disease, vice and crime gendered of our cut-throat competition of individualism—the State and Church charities and philanthropies, alms-houses, work-houses, reformatories, prisons, asylums, hospitals, soup-houses, etc.,—they may find out that we have after all a real Communism of one sort; not exactly the Lord's Communism when the 'multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common.' Rather, very decidedly, the Devil's Communism, wherein 'the multitude of them that believed *not* were not of one heart nor of one soul, and said every one of them that all of the things which he possessed was his own; but still they had all things in common; being unable, with all their selfishness, to separate those whom God hath joined together. Nature's laws are inexorable. Society is Association—a Community. We may by a wise and just and loving spirit make a Community of the children of God, or by a foolish and unjust and selfish spirit make a Community of the children of the Devil. But bear each other's burdens in some way we must. If the rich are willing to share their profit, the wise to share their knowledge, the strong their power, we may have a common wealth, a natural store. If they are unwilling—then, after all, they must pay much of the brotherly debt in taxation—and have a common-illth, a national debt. 'A man must rise early to get ahead of God.' Not even the Yankee nation can corner Nature."

FROM MILL TO PRAIRIE.

BY SARA BRASHAN.

I.

THE LETTER.

The great change in my life which I am about to narrate took its rise in a conversation between my father, my mother, and myself, one Saturday evening late in November, 1877.

We were then living in a little brick house, one of a block all exactly alike, in the busy town of Fall River, Mass. My father and I worked in a cotton-mill, one of those vast establishments which send their fabrics to all quarters of the globe. Father occupied a responsible position in the care of certain machinery, while mine was a humble place. The wages we earned were not large, but they were sufficient to comfortably clothe and feed us all. My mother staid at home, kept house, and took care of my two younger brothers who were attending school.

On the evening to which I refer, my father and I left the mill at the usual hour and wended our way home together. It had been a cold, disagreeable day, and, tired as I was, I disliked to make the detour necessary to bring us round by the post-office; but I knew father enjoyed reading his weekly papers on Sunday, and I made no objection when he turned to go that way. When we reached the office and father called for his mail, the clerk handed him two papers in brown wrappers, and a thick letter. These father put in his pocket, and on we plodded under the shelter of a large cotton-umbrella. A cold drizzle, half rain and half snow, was falling, and the wind sucked through the streets in fitful gusts. As I picked my way along by the dim light of the street-lamps, protecting my skirts as well as I could and trying to avoid the most wet and slippery places, a feeling of unusual despondency came over me. I saw

nothing bright in what the future had to offer me. I was a poor factory-girl, with no other prospect or hope but to spend all the brightest years of my life in a cotton-mill, where my daily routine was as fixed as that of the machines I tended. Indeed, I felt that I was reduced to be merely a part of that machinery, with no chance for the real womanhood in me to develop. To be sure, I was only one among many millions to whom poverty and weary toil are common inheritances, but my spirit rebelled against accepting this hard struggle for bread as the whole of life.

My father walked by my side in silence. He was never a talkative man, but on that evening I felt that he, too, was dejected and sorrowful. I wondered if he, like myself, were looking at our future.

When we arrived home and entered our comfortable little kitchen, part of the gloomy feeling which had been over me was at once dispelled. Mother was bustling about with her usual busy cheerfulness, making the final preparations for serving our evening meal. The tea-kettle purred on the stove, and I caught sight of a large plate of toast behind the half-open door of the oven. The two boys, Fred and Arthur, were whittling in the corner. Father and I had only time to divest ourselves of our wet wraps and prepare for supper before mother called us to the table. We all drew up in our accustomed places, father asked a simple blessing, and the meal began. We chatted of one thing and another. The boys were full of mirth, and looked forward to the coming Sunday without school as to a holiday. The toast, the delicate slices of cold meat, and the hot tea, drove the blue devils away from me for a time. Life seemed not so bad after all. We were in excellent health, and I saw much to be thankful for.

My father did not seem to thaw out so readily as I. He said little, and as soon as the meal was over lighted the lamp in the sitting-room and prepared to open his letter. I helped mother clear up the tea-table and wash the dishes, after which we held a rather protracted council, she and I, on domestic affairs. Then the boys began to grow sleepy, so we packed them off to bed and joined father in the sitting-room. To my surprise he was still reading the letter I have mentioned, while his papers lay unopened. I began to grow curious. It was a long letter, written in a bold, clear hand, on small sheets of paper.

"Why, father," said I, "your letter seems to absorb you wholly. What can it all be about?"

He made no reply whatever, in fact, did not appear to have heard me speak; but he quietly folded the letter, replaced it in the envelope, and put it in his pocket again. Then he rose, went to his violin-case, which always reposed on mother's best bureau, took from it the instrument, and for a full hour paced up and down the room playing in a subdued and absent way airs long familiar to all of us. Then we knew that he was in a brown study over something. He always got out his violin when anything unusual agitated his mind. It took the place of pipe and beer to him. Mother and I were so accustomed to this habit of his that we sat quietly sewing until his reverie should be ended. We knew that he would open up the matter in his own time and way. At length he fell to playing that sweet old hymn called "Mount Vernon," and mother, apparently without thinking, began to sing the air with him. He stopped, looked at us, then put away the violin and resumed his chair.

"Sara," said my father after a brief pause, "how would you like to leave this place and move away into the great West?"

"What do you say," cried my mother as she dropped her needle, "are you thinking of moving from here?"

My father smiled and waited for me to speak.

"What sort of a place should we go to?" I asked. "If we can better ourselves I am in favor of it, for I have been thinking this evening that our life here has many hardships. To be sure, we have much to be thankful for, but I had the blues horribly as we were coming home."

"I suspected as much," he replied. Then placing his hand affectionately on my mother's knee, as he sat beside her, he said:

"Dear wife, I have received a remarkable proposition. It is contained in the letter you saw me reading, and it is so interesting to me that I have no doubt you will be pleased to hear the whole of it. Shall I read it to you?"

Of course we promptly assented. We were anxious enough to hear it, especially after his question to me. So he took out the letter, and at once began to read. My mother stopped him.

"Please tell us first who it is from," she said.

"It is signed 'Lafayette Burton,'" he replied. "I do not know him, but the letter explains itself very well."

Then he began again:

"Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1877.

"MR. PHILIP BRASHAN:

"Dear Sir:—Although I am an entire stranger to you personally, yet I am moved to address you on a matter of deep moment to myself and many others. The accompanying note from our mutual acquaintance and friend, Mr. Hector Thornton, will certify to you my position and trustworthiness until such time as we shall have a more direct knowledge of each other. The account of your life and character given me by Mr. Thornton induces me to address you now, as one who will be interested in the matter I have to present. In order that you may fully understand what follows I will first say a few words about myself.

"In early life I was very poor. My parents were too poor to set me up in business, and I had to depend on my own efforts. I worked hard, and at first made but little progress. But after a few years my diligence and faithfulness began to tell in my favor. I was then living in New England. After I had made a little accumulation of money I determined to go West and settle in the new country. I did so. I invested my money in land and cattle, and prospered so that I became quite comfortable. Then I married an estimable young woman, by whom I have had four children.

"As my means increased I began to feel a new sense of responsibility in regard to the use I should make of them. Should I use my good fortune solely to pamper myself and my family? Just at the time I began to ask myself this question and to reflect a little on the subject, somebody sent me a number of pamphlets published by Richard Trowbridge, the leader of a strange order of people living in Ohio."

"Why, Trowbridge!" broke in my mother, "he's the leader of that free-love Community that we have heard about, isn't he?"

"I have heard his society called so," replied my father cautiously. Then he continued reading:

"I was very much surprised at the doctrines presented in these little books, and my curiosity was aroused to know more about the Community itself over which Trowbridge presides. I bought all its publications and studied them attentively. Not to weary you with a long story, I became converted to the idea of Communism, and have determined to undertake an experiment in that line myself, with the coöperation of a few friends who think as I do. I have bought a large tract of land in Colorado, on which we intend to settle and make a beginning. We shall be obliged to begin in a small way, and shall undoubtedly have to undergo many hardships and privations at first; but we feel good courage, and hope to make it a success.

"Now, my dear Mr. Brashan, let me say to you candidly that we wish to find a few more good men and women who will join us in the undertaking. I have great faith in New England people, and what Mr. Thornton has said of you leads me to ask you if you feel prepared to take part with us. I must confess that in thus addressing you I follow an instinct or spiritual impulse which it would be difficult to explain to you, but which I have learned to trust."

"I declare," said my mother with some warmth, "if the man is not actually proposing to us to assist him in starting another free-love Community! That's what I call impertinence!"

She looked a little flushed as she said this, and her eyes were very bright. My father seemed rather to enjoy her excitement. At any rate he coolly remarked:

"My dear, women are proverbially quick in drawing near their conclusions. They hear but the half of a matter before their minds are quite made up. When I had reached this point in my first reading of the letter I was inclined to fear our friend was too precipitate, but I kept right on and finished it, then reflected a little while when you thought me only fiddling, and now I am inclined to think he knows what he is about."

"Dear, dear, how you do love to generalize about women," said my mother as she smiled good-naturedly. "I am sorry I gave you the chance. Well, I suppose your last observation is intended as a hint that we, too, ought to finish the letter before we make any more remarks?"

"Perhaps so," dryly replied my father.

(To be Continued.)

A SINE QUA NON.—Patient: "Do you mean to say my complaint is a dangerous one?" Doctor: "A very dangerous one, my dear friend. Still, people have been known to recover from it; so you must not give up all hope. But recollect one thing: your only chance is to keep in a cheerful frame of mind, and avoid anything like depression of spirits." —Punch.

COMMUNITY CONTRACTS.

III.

Prior to the decisions which have been referred to, the Shakers had been put on their defense against similar claims. Two notable cases are reported; one in Maine, the other in Kentucky. The first, *Waite vs. Merrill et al.*, was decided in 1826, and is found in the 4th vol. of Maine Rep., p. 90; and in that it was held that "the covenant by which the members of the Societies of Shakers are bound to each other is a valid instrument, binding upon all who voluntarily enter into it." The action was brought against the trustees and deacons of a Shaker Society to recover compensation for about twelve years' services of the plaintiff in that Society, rendered while a professed Shaker and member of the Society, from the time of his attaining the age of twenty-one years. His father, who was also a Shaker, carried the plaintiff with him into the Society or Family, where the plaintiff continued to reside, except at some few intervals, from the age of fourteen years, working, and being cared for like other brethren of the same Family. During this period, he left the Family twice, but returned after short absences and was received again into the Family, where he resided until thirty-two years of age, when he finally left and commenced the above action for services. It was shown by evidence that the plaintiff was a man of common abilities, that after attaining legal majority he signed the covenant of the Society, and that he was a man of competent understanding to bind himself at the time he so signed. This covenant, called "The Covenant of the Church of Christ Relating to the Possession and use of a Joint-Interest," is in substance as follows: That it is the faith of all who subscribed to it that there can be no Church in gospel order, according to the law of Christ, without being gathered into one joint-interest and union, so that all the members may have an equal right and privilege according to their calling and need in things both spiritual and temporal; that they offer themselves as members of the Church freely and voluntarily as a religious duty; that all received as members should bring in their substance, being their natural and lawful right, and give it as a part of the joint-interest of the Church, to be under the order and government of the overseers of the temporal interest of the Church, for the use and support of the Church and any other use that the gospel requires; that they all should have a just and equal right and privilege according to their needs in the use of all things in the Church, without any difference being made on account of what any brought in, so long as they are in obedience and are held in relation as members, and that each should be holden according to his ability to maintain and support one joint-interest in union and conformity to the order and government of the Church; and finally, that as it was not the duty or purpose of the Church in uniting into church order to gather and lay up an interest of this world's goods, but what they become possessed of by honest industry, more than for their own support, was to be devoted to charitable uses, for the relief of the poor, and such other uses as the gospel might require, therefore it is their faith never to bring debt nor demand against the Church, or each other, for any interest or services which they have bestowed to the joint-interest of the Church, but freely to give their time and talents as brethren and sisters, for the mutual good of one another, and other charitable uses, according to the order of the Church. They solemnly covenant with each other for this, and declare this covenant to be a sufficient witness for them before all men, in all cases relating to the possession, order, and use of the joint-interest of the Church.

In the lower court the judge instructed the jury that there was nothing in the covenant itself inconsistent with law, or morally wrong, which could render it void; and that if they were satisfied that the plaintiff knowingly signed the covenant they should find a verdict for the defendants, which was done. Exception was taken, and the case taken to the Supreme Court, where it was argued (evidence having been given also, in connection with the covenant, of the doctrines and practices of the Shakers respecting marriage and the relation of parents and children), 1, That the contract itself was unconstitutional and illegal and therefore void, because it was in derogation of the right to acquire and possess property, and infringed the duties of parents and children reciprocally to support each other, and destroyed the natural relation between them; 2, That it was also void as being against good morals. The parties to the covenant, it was said, bind themselves to observe the order and rules and submit to the discipline of the Church. By that order, etc., marriage is not admitted among the Shakers. The contract, taken with its practical exposition by the

Shakers themselves, goes to the destruction of marriage, which is a moral as well as a political institution. The Shakers' covenant is thus in substance and effect a contract that the husband will separate himself from his wife; that he will no longer love, cherish or cleave to her alone; that the wife and children shall in like manner renounce their reciprocal duties, and that such a contract cannot receive the sanction of the law. 3, That the tendency of the contract is to fetter and enslave the mind and person, and is contrary to the genius and principles of a free Government. In effect, it is a contract that the party will always remain in the profession of his present faith, under the penalty of forfeiting all his estate should he become wiser and change his religious opinions. It is also a contract for unlimited servitude, without any other compensation than a bare support, and is therefore unconscionable and void, being in derogation of personal liberty.

Such was the tenor of the argument against the form of Community contract adopted by the Shakers. The opinion of the Supreme Court was delivered by Chief Justice Mellen, and upon the legal rights and obligations of the plaintiff, in general, he says:

"By signing the covenant, the plaintiff assented to all the terms and conditions specified in it; made its stipulation his own, and agreed to conform to the rules and regulations of the Society in relation to its spiritual and temporal concerns. By the covenant, it appears that a Community of interest is an established and distinguishing principle of the Association; that the services of each are contributed for the benefit of all, and all are bound to maintain each, in health, sickness, and old age, from the common or joint fund, created and preserved by joint industry and exertion. And each one by the express terms of the covenant, engages 'never to bring debt against the Church nor against any members of the Church or Community, on account of any service or property thus devoted and consecrated to the aforesaid sacred and charitable use.' Such are the facts as to the contract into which the plaintiff entered when he subscribed to the covenant. It is an express contract. The plaintiff in the present action, however, does not profess to found his claim on an express promise; but he contends, that upon the facts proved and disclosed the law implies a promise on the part of the defendants to pay him for his services, . . . although such an implied promise is directly repugnant to the covenant or written contract. Besides, it is clear, that whatever services the plaintiff performed while he was a member of the Society and remained and labored with them, he performed in consequence of his membership, and in *persuance of the covenant*, in virtue of which he became a member. Now it is a principle perfectly well settled, that where there is an express contract in force the law does not recognize an implied one; and where services have been performed under an express contract the action to recover compensation for such services must be founded on that contract, and on that only, unless in consequence of the fault or consent of the defendant. In the present case there is no proof that the covenant has been violated on the part of the Society, or that the plaintiff had any right to waive that covenant and its special provisions, and resort to a supposed implied promise on which to maintain his action. * * * We are of the opinion that the instructions of the judge to the jury were correct, if the covenant signed by the plaintiff, taken in connection with the facts in the case which are considered on this occasion as a part of it, is a lawful covenant, one which the law will sanction, as not being inconsistent with constitutional rights, moral precepts, or public policy. This leads us to the examination of the covenant, the principles it contains and enforces, and the duties it requires of the members of the Society. The counsel for the plaintiff contends that the covenant is, for several reasons, void, and ought to be pronounced by this court to be a nullity.

"It is said to be void, because it deprived the plaintiff of the constitutional power of acquiring, possessing and protecting property. The answer to this objection is, that the covenant only changed the mode in which he chose to exercise and enjoy this right or power; he preferred that the avails of his industry should be placed in the common fund or bank of the Society, and to derive his maintenance from the daily dividends which he was sure to receive. If this is a valid objection, it certainly furnishes a new argument against banks, and is applicable to partnerships of one description as well as another.

"It is said that the covenant or contract is contrary to the genius and principles of a free government and therefore void. To this it may be replied, that one of the blessings of a free government is, that under its mild influences the citizens are at liberty to pursue that mode of life and species of employment best suited to their inclinations and habits, 'unembarrassed by too much regulation;' and while thus peaceably occupied, and without interfering with the rights and enjoyments of others, they surely are entitled to the protection of so good a government as ours, though perhaps all these privileges and enjoyments might be contrary to the genius and principles of an arbitrary government. But, in support of this objection, it is contended that this is a contract for perpetual service and surrender of liberty. Without pausing to inquire whether a man may not legally contract with another to serve him for ten years as well as one, receiving an acceptable compensation for his services, we would observe that by the terms of the articles a secession of members from the Society is contemplated and its consequences guarded against by covenants never to make any

claim for their services against the Society; and they speak of a compliance with certain rules so long as they 'remained in obedience to the order and government of the Church and holden in relation as members.' Besides the general understanding and usage for persons to leave the Society whenever they are inclined to do so, the plaintiff himself has in this case given us proof of this right, by withdrawing from their fellowship, and now, in the character of a stranger to their rules and regulations, demanding damages in consequence of the dissolution of his contract. We cannot, therefore, consider the contract of a subscribing member as perpetual; he may dissolve his connection when he pleases, though perhaps he may thereby surrender some of his property, as the consideration of his dissolution of the contract. In all this we see nothing like servitude and the sacrifice of liberty at the shrine of superstition and monastic despotism.

"It is said, also, that the covenant is void because it is in derogation of the inalienable right of liberty of conscience. To this objection the reply is obvious; the very formation and subscription of this covenant is an exercise of the inalienable right of liberty of conscience. And it is not easy to discern why the Society in question may not frame their creed and covenant as well as other societies of Christians, and worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. We must remember that in this land of liberty, civil and religious, conscience is subject to no human law; its rights are not to be invaded, nor even questioned, so long as its dictates are obeyed consistently with the harmony, good order and peace of the community. With us, modes of faith and worship must always be numerous and variant; and it is not the province of either branch of the government to control or restrain them when they appear sincere and harmless.

"Again, it is urged that the covenant is void, because its consideration is illegal, that it is against good morals and the policy of the law. * * * The covenant only settles certain principles as to the admission of members, community of interest, mode of management and support, acquisition and use of property, stipulations in respect to services and claims, professions of a general nature as to the faith of the Society, and a solemn renewal of a former covenant and appointment of certain officers. * * * Now what is there illegal in its consideration or wherein is it against good morals or the policy of the law? It does not contain a fact or a principle which an honest man ought to condemn, but it does contain some provisions which all men ought to approve; it distinctly inculcates the duty of honest industry, contentment with competency, and charity to the poor and suffering. In this view of the subject these objections vanish in a moment.

"But it is contended that, according to the faith, and principles, and usages of the Society, which are considered as referred to in the covenant of the Society as a part of it, the covenant amounts to a contract never to marry, which public policy will not sanction. We have before observed it is not a perpetual one; of course at most it is a contract not to marry while they continue members of the Society. * * As it regards those members of the Society who are married, though they may live separate, without cherishing the gentle affections, still such conduct violates no human law, and however lightly they may esteem the blessings of matrimony, their opinions do not lessen the legal obligations created by marriage. Surely, they may agree to live in different houses and without any communication with each other. Contracts of separation between husband and wife are not infrequent, neither are they illegal when made with third persons. This objection cannot avail, nor that which relates to the relation of father and son. Their principles require the circle of benevolence and affection to be enlarged, but not that parental or filial tenderness should be destroyed or lessened."

Having thus disposed of the objections urged against this Community covenant, the court proceeded to apply another principle, which is a part of the fundamental law of contracts, viz., that a party to an illegal and void contract can have no recovery or relief against co-parties to the same contract. The court said:

"But for the sake of the argument let us suppose that the covenant or contract is illegal and void for the reasons which have been urged by the plaintiff's counsel; what then will be the legal consequence? Will the action then stand on any firmer ground? Though in the present case the plaintiff does not demand of the defendants the repayment of a sum of money paid to them, on the ground that they have no legal right to retain it, yet his demand is in principle the same thing; it is a demand of compensation of services rendered, on the ground that, as the contract was unlawful and void, the value of those services may be recovered; that is, if he had increased the funds of the Society by a sum of money instead of his personal labors and services, the right to recover back the money, or recover the value of those services in money, must be settled by the same principles of law in both cases. Now, what are those principles? Before stating them, let it be again observed that the jury have found that the plaintiff knowingly signed this covenant which we are now considering in the light of an illegal and void contract, and voluntarily joined this Society and remained for several years a member, engaged with all the other members in all the transactions of it, and all of them *in pari delicto* [in the same wrong], 'for if the contract is illegal and void, it is because the Society who formed and signed it is an unlawful society and united for purposes which the law condemns.'"

The court then proceeds to quote in illustration of the doctrine of the law applicable to the case some of the old common law authorities as follows:

"If a wager be made on a boxing match, and the event

happening, the winner receives the money, it cannot be recovered back by the loser; for where one pays money upon a contract executed, which is in itself immoral and illegal, and where the parties are equally criminal, the rule is *in pari delicto potior est conditio defendentis* [where parties are in the same wrong, the condition of the defending party is the stronger]. 2 Comyn on contracts, p. 120. "To the same point in deciding an early case Lord Kenyon says, 'There is no case to be found where, when money has been actually paid by one of two parties to the other on an illegal contract, both being *particeps criminis*, an action can be maintained to recover it back again.' In another case Lord Mansfield said that 'where both parties are equally criminal, on general principles of public policy the rule is *potior est conditio defendentis*.' And in another case Lord Ellenborough said: 'We will not assist an illegal transaction in any respect; we leave the matter as we find it.' Another authority says, 'No implied promise arises out of an illegal transaction.' And another, 'On the whole, the sound principle is, the law will not raise or imply any promise in aid of a transaction forbidden by the law of the land.' With these authorities before us, it would seem impossible to sustain the present action, even allowing the covenant and the Society, by whom and for whose use it was formed, to be of the reprehensible and illegal character which has been given them."

J. W. T.

COLONIZATION NO NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

[The Worker.]

When we speak of Colonization many people shrug their shoulders as though it were some fantastical freak of those butts of every reporter, "our philanthropists;" some wholly novel and chimerical undertaking. Have our friends forgotten their school-books? Colonization is as old as civilization, as familiar as the fact of overcrowding populations pushing out into new regions to find room to live. History is one long story of Colonization Associations. Sometimes spontaneous, natural social movements, engineered neither by Governments nor Boards of Directors: as when the huge hosts of the Eastern and Northern races swarmed over the Alps and took "squatter-sovereignty" possession of Italy. Sometimes going on steadily and systematically by the orderly organic action of society; as in the Russian communal villages, where for ages as fast as one Mir becomes overfull by natural increase, the younger members band together, gather their household stuff, receive their share of the common personal property, go out twenty miles or so into the unoccupied country and found a new Mir; the precise analogy in the social organism of the process of forming and throwing off cells by which every physical organism grows.

States have organized Colonization, offering free lands to the poor citizens of great towns, and relieving the growing troubles of the cities by settling the idle upon the soil. Forty thousand families were thus colonized in Italy by Caius Gracchus. Governments have conscripted the idle and dangerous classes, transported them to distant shores, placed them under military rule, and founded thus new Communities. The youth and power of mercantile cities have associated themselves together to escape from the parent city where there was no room for them, and have migrated to fertile fields on the coasts. Thus the Phœnicians and the Greeks peopled the shores of the Mediterranean. When the New World was opened to civilization it offered the over-crowded centers of the Old World the needed outlet, and in every European country those who were in trouble, financial, social, or religious, began to form Colonies, and the most remarkable migration of history commenced. America has been built up by Colonization. Colonies composed of widely-different elements, animated by utterly different motives, associated under wholly different systems, settled upon our shores—from Florida to Maine. Migration has peopled the whole of our Western States; associated migration, groups of families going together, have built up the best portion of them.

Notable experiments in Colonies have marked our social history; settlements wherein the principles of Association have been carried to a greater or less extent, but all to a point far beyond our ordinary practices. Many have failed financially. Some have made signal successes of the principles of economic Association.

Nordhoff and Noyes record these experiments. Vine-land and Anaheim are familiar names exemplifying the practicability of Colonization in different forms. Utah is a magnificent triumph of Colonization—created out of the desert by not very intelligent people from the least enterprising classes of Europe, under a wise system of putting each man at work on the soil, with a hope of becoming owner of his farm. The Shakers are economically successful, with a comparatively unintelligent class of people.

With the long roll of successful Colonies, from the tribe that went forth from Ur of the Chaldees, down to

Greeley—it is rather late in the day to question the feasibility of Colonization. That it is difficult stands to reason. That it often fails is only saying what is true of every enterprise. Its form and features may vary. Its essential principle, associated migration, is as unquestionable as history.

This is what it is to work for an inspired man and genius who is writing the "music of the future." "Herr Richard Wagner is a person terrifying to the librettist. Roche's description of a day passed with the composer, the former hammering out the words, the latter the music, is very entertaining. Wagner arrived at 7 o'clock, and they worked without respite until midday: Roche bent over his desk writing and erasing; Wagner strode to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, shouting, singing, striking the piano, and constantly bidding poor Roche, 'Go on! Go on!' An hour or two after noon Roche, hungry and exhausted, let fall his pen, almost fainting. 'What's the matter?' asked the composer. 'I am hungry.' 'True; I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack and go on again.' Night came and found them still at work. 'I was shattered, stupified,' says Roche. 'My head burned, my temples throbbed. I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music. He was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our task, walking up and down, striking his infernal piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever, 'Go on! go on!' while trumpeting in my ears cabalistic words and supernatural music.'"

"Is Life Worth Living?" that's the great conundrum for the reviewers now. Mr. Mullock thinks "it is worth living provided a man has faith in a great church;" and Professor Mivart—a Catholic himself—"thinks life's highest values are in the doing of duty and in love." "Life," says Dr. Holland in *Scribner*, "is quite worth living to all those who find engaging objects of pursuit, and especially to those who win success in their pursuits. We repeat, therefore that, by almost a unanimous vote, the human race practically decides every day that life is worth living."

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1879.

ALL HASTE AND NO REST.

In this country, however it may differ on other topics, public opinion is unequivocal on this point, that *every man must be busy*. In the People's College it has been unanimously declared that the azote of our common air is a non-essential and a bore; and that oxygen is the only gas fit for enterprising Yankees to breathe.

Jonathan has come to believe that he must always be active; that his bow must always be bent. When he plants a tree he cannot patiently wait for its slow growth, but must be continually placing some new stimulus about its roots, trimming its branches or splitting open its bark, and if its buds do not open with the first warm days of spring he must pluck it up to see if there be not a worm at the root. He can scarcely be quiet when quietude is essential to decorum. He studies how to turn the conversation into a business channel that his friend's call may not prove an entire waste of the time so devoted. As he waxes old he becomes more and more impatient, irritable, frugal and fidgety. He stops whittling to save John Bull's feelings, but he carries tablets and a pencil to facilitate his meditations in the rail-car or omnibus. "Be short," is his Eleventh Commandment; and his favorite quotation is, "Brevity is the soul of wit." He thinks that in the Millennium the President's Message will be no longer than the postscript of a telegraphic dispatch, and the debates in Congress, in those happy days, will be as brief and as soon ended as a legislative session in Rhode Island. He is willing the sermon should be of Orthodox length on Sunday, but he likes to have the services concluded with the Doxology in short metre.

But Jonathan is mortal, and all the children of mortality are subject to occasional weariness. And what does Jonathan for refreshment when he is thoroughly tired? Does he leave his office an hour earlier? eat a lighter supper? or retire any sooner? Does he seek out any somniferous potions? or consult art for the means of lengthening his usual rest? Does he lock his door, say good-night to the legion of cares that attend at his pillow, and stretch his nerveless limbs for a long and wholesome sleep? No, but quite the reverse. He orders his Common Council to find out some hero, living or dead, that he may honor. He erects triumphal arches, gets up an expensive procession, and closes the day with a magnificent banquet. He relieves the reaction from one excitement by the novelty of another. When he has bought lots and built houses enough for people to confess him rich, he gets a carriage, buys a coat of arms, keeps men-servants, and falls into a typhoid fever. He raves deliriously for three weeks, lives on stimulants till the "stimulus of death" displaces all others—and then poor Jonathan sinks to his first and last "long and undisturbed repose."

The above sketch of the American character, from an old paper, is at least graphic. Restless activity, intense go-aheaditiveness, is stamped on everybody and everything American; particularly in our great cities. One gets a most vivid impression of it by passing an hour in the crowded streets of New York. The rush of life is wonderful. The visitor sees and feels that he is

in a surging whirlpool of human force and passion—a mighty conflux of excitement that seems to carry away individuals as straws are carried in a flood. The idler soon becomes sick of it; the mere pressure of spirit and crash of elements around him are tiresome, and he is glad to escape to more quiet quarters. But it is the development of American life and character; and whether good or evil is still likely to increase.

We are inclined to differ from the moralists and philosophers who find fault with this restless activity of our people. We think on the whole it is a good sign, and in the course of Providence is the appropriate type of character to come in with steam and telegraphs. It is true that we Yankees live fast; a week's life now is equivalent in variety and enterprise to a month in the times of our fathers. But there is little evidence that our lives are any shorter for it. And if there are signs of fagging a little earlier in the race, we might comfort ourselves with the idea that the loss of time is more than made up in distance. Somebody has said,

"One glorious hour of crowded life,
Is worth an age without a name."

We consider the intense activity of life in these days as an indication and result of *condensation*; and in this respect it is a very hopeful sign. The race is approaching by all outward and inward means—by swift communication on the one hand, and by spiritual preparation on the other—to realize its *unity*. It is the kindling influence of this approach that stimulates the pulse of enterprise. In the old times of distance and separation, nothing of the kind that we see now could have been possible. Slowness and dormancy were appropriate to the periods of dispersion. But now we concentrate; everything is contributing to destroy the idea of space, and unity is doubling our use of time.

We look for no return to the slow ideas of the past, but, on the contrary, believe that every year will develop new momentum to life, and will introduce new conditions for sustaining it. In the perfect unity of the future we shall develop an activity and intensity of existence that is not dreamed of now. It will be identical, too, with our eternal rest.

STUDIES IN PRACTICAL COMMUNISM.

VIII.

UNSELFISHNESS.

In our sixth "Study" we called attention to the facilities afforded by Communistic life for thorough acquaintance. We need not enlarge upon this feature of Communism; it is self-evident that the members of a Community will know more about one another than people in common society who are not brought into the close contact of the family circle. This being the case, how can persons live in a Community without disagreeable chafings and rivalries of all sorts, and especially as it is found impossible to have exact equality of conditions and privileges? That is the all-important question. Look over Mr. Noyes's "History of American Socialisms," and you will see plainly enough that this has been too big a problem for most of the experimenters to solve. The great mortality among Communities, Phalanxes, Associations and Coöperations is generally ascribed to financial causes of one sort and another: they had insufficient capital, or were handicapped with debt, or had poor land, or lacked profitable mechanical industries or good business managers, etc. All this was doubtless true, but by no means, we are persuaded, the chief cause of their failure. Study their history closely, and you will see that they lacked most of all an *altruistic life*—a life that delights in the welfare of others and is free from self-seeking. "The Socialists," says Mr. Noyes in his History, "as often as they came together in actual attempts to realize their ideals, found that they were too selfish for close organization. The moan of Macdonald was that, after seeing the stern reality of the experiments, he lost hope, and was obliged to confess that he had 'imagined mankind better than they are.' This was the final confession of the leaders in the Associative experiments generally, from Owen to the last of the Fourierites." Owen complained that he could not even "find those who were self-sacrificing and enduring enough to educate their children" in the right sentiment and principles, let alone themselves. In the sketch of the Yellow Springs Community we read: "Self-love was a spirit which would not be exorcised;" "self-love rose against benevolence;" and the members, "though disposed to philanthropy," finally "rested in the belief that man is essentially selfish." And this was the despairing verdict generally given by the more thoughtful of the experimenters. Selfishness of course took manifold forms. In one case it made members shirk useful occupations

and give themselves to "parade and talk." In another case the same spirit was manifested in backbiting and quarreling. In another it led persons to supply themselves with more than their fair allowance of whatever luxuries the common table afforded; and so on.

It is needless to say that the spirit that produces such ignoble things has to be met in every communal organization. If it has not destroyed the Shakers, the Rappites, the Oneida Community, and other like Societies, then they must have found better ways to meet it than the Societies whose destruction it has caused. We are not of those who think it possible to arrange conditions so agreeably that there will be nothing to draw out selfishness and the more base elements of human nature. Our observation of practical Communism convinces us that these elements are more likely to exhibit themselves in circumstances of prosperity than of adversity; that when a Community begins to rise into circumstances of affluence then the self-seeking elements, that were more or less checked by adverse conditions, are likely to grow apace, and if left to themselves assume startling proportions.

How, then, the question arises, can the selfish principle be eradicated or at least modified so that harmony in communal life is possible? This is very much like asking how it is possible to cultivate a garden and raise the various products desired. The soil naturally tends to produce useless plants and weeds, and this just in proportion to its fertility; still it is found possible by plowing, harrowing, hoeing, and other means to keep the weeds in subjection, so that vegetables, grains, fruits and flowers may be produced in abundance; and, indeed, finally to turn the whole fertility of the soil into food-products, if desired. So we believe it is entirely possible, in the garden of human nature, to keep the soil free from weeds of evil and grow only such things as shall promote the peace, prosperity and harmony of individuals and of society. This has been approximately accomplished in some of the Communities; but it has required the faithful exercise of all the means at command, including such agencies as confession, mutual criticism, and persistent suppression of self-seeking in all its forms, and especially the positive, attracting elements of religion. Indeed, without the latter we fear that anything like thorough Communism is an utter impossibility.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—There were several inches of snow on the morning of the 1st.

—We received a fruit order from N. C. Meeker on the same day that we heard the news of his death.

—The O. C. has paid for postage during the last nine months, exclusive of the mail charges for the *SOCIALIST*, \$1,137.00.

—It is a question whether living in Communism doesn't about double the "nervous strain" which most of the people of this century are bearing up under. If you lie awake o' nights, read seed-catalogues. There is a man in Gotham who invariably peruses the fascinating pages of those varisatile books whenever he is troubled with sleeplessness.

—The children's programme of daily exercises is now planned for the winter. Their school has been kept during the summer only two hours and a-half a day, several hours being given to chain-work. They will now attend school four hours, discontinuing work at chain-making in order that they may have more time for outdoor amusement.

—One of the forcing-pits belonging to the gardeners, being at present out of use, has been converted into a conservatory for exotics and other plants which have to be kept in the house during winter. Where to put the flowers is one of the yearly problems, the same place seldom being available for two consecutive winters. The present arrangement is highly satisfactory, and bids fair to be tolerably permanent.

—In the vestibule to the Community Hall there are, among other pictures, four which were presented to the Community a number of years ago by M. Victor Considerant, famed for his connection with the Fourieristic School of Socialism, as author, editor, and practical experimenter, both in France and the United States. One is a large picture of Fourier; another represents his "tombe provisoire" at the *Cimetière Montmartre*, on which the following inscription appears—"Ici sont Déposés les Restes de Charles Fourier: La Série Distribuée les Harmonies; les Attractions sont Proportionnelles aux Destinées." The third is a view of the house in which he was born—"Maison natale de Fourier"—at

Besancon. The fourth—*Vue Général d'un Phalanstère, ou Village Sociétaire Organisé d'après la Théorie de Fourier*," is a large and fine lithograph, and at once arrests the attention. In the center of the picture are large palatial structures designed for the workshops, assembly halls, stores, schools, dwellings, etc., of the grand phalanstery or social village. These are surrounded by gardens, orchards, vineyards, fountains and lakes. A stream winds its way through the estate, on either side of which for long distances are seen cultivated fields and forests. While scattered about in different places are industrial groups, marching gaily from field to field with flying banners. Fourier's scheme, it is well known, contemplated the association of large numbers in phalansterian villages, the number for a single complete Society being about 1800 persons; the different villages to be "interwoven and united together, until a network of connected Associations would be spread over a State, a Nation, Europe, the Globe." In this picture we are given an ideal view of a single village, and it is certainly a pleasing one.

A LITTLE BOY'S COMPOSITION ON MUSIC.

Music is made by the birds and bees and many other insects. The birds are one of the first sources of nature's music, which is very sweet to the ear. The bee's hum shows us that the spring has really set in; the bees only appear when the flowers come out. The wild bees are not at all gentle, but are always ready to sting you. The water has a delightful music as it pours over the rocks on its way to the ocean; it is also pleasant to see it. When the rain pours down fast, it is very pleasant to hear it as it patters on the ground. These are not all the kinds of natural music, but they are a few. I will tell of another: it is very delightful to hear the nuts come dropping from the trees in the fall. The brass band is a very pleasant music too. I think that the brass band sounds better in the day-time, for it arouses us to our work; and the fife and drum make us feel as if we wanted to march. When the violin begins to play the dance-tunes it makes us want to dance and be lively. I think that the flute sounds best at night when it is still. It has been said that all music sounds best on the water. I think that it is pleasant to hear the bagpipe. The bagpipe is a loud, shrill instrument. The playing of the piano is very fine music too. The music-box plays very charming music often. It is made on the same principle that the clock is. It is made this way, by winding up a spring, the spring makes a thing go around that is covered with little spikes sticking out all over, and it hits something that makes a sound, and therefore plays a tune which is very pretty. The wind-harp is placed under a window, and the wind plays a very pretty tune on it. Humphrey and I made a wind-harp out of rubbers, and it sung Papa Noyes to sleep. The accordeon has a very sweet sound, and it is made to play very low, so it sounds better when all is still. The organ has a very pretty tone too. I saw an organ that had a lot of little images. One of them was sewing shoes. The voices of men and women are the sweetest of all music.

RICHARD.

BIBLE NOTES.

III.

"A BODY HAST THOU PREPARED ME."

Christ took the human body and did the will of God in it, and that was the offering by which we are perfected. By union with him we are able to offer our bodies a living sacrifice, and so prove what is that good and perfect and acceptable will of God. His body was exactly like ours: it was flesh and blood; it was of the seed of Abraham; subject to all the infirmities and temptations that our bodies are; but his spirit was superhuman. It entered the body prepared for it, saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," and did it at whatever cost to that body. It cost the offering of that body to suffering all his mortal life. Our salvation comes by fellowship with his spirit and moral strength, which will help us to subject our bodies or natural life to the necessary suffering; that is, it will help us to do the will of God in spite of suffering. To offer the body a living sacrifice must mean a great deal. We never could do it if Christ had not done it before us. It has to be done to prove what is the perfect will of God; so you see what we owe to Christ's disinterested love.

THE GOD OF THE BIBLE.

He is said to be a spirit and only to be worshiped in spirit. He is said to be good, merciful, perfect. His foolishness is said to be wiser than men, and his weakness stronger than men. He is called the God of patience and consolation, the God of hope and the God of peace. Paul uses all these epithets in one chapter. (Rom. 15.) He is called the God of all comfort, the "blessed God," "blessed forevermore." He is spoken of as the living God twenty-nine times in the Bible. He only hath immortality. God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. God is love—the fewest and best words in which God can be described.

JUDITH.

UNION OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

A CRITICISM OF CERTAIN COMMUNITIES.

EDITORS AMERICAN SOCIALIST:—I take the liberty of sending you a few desultory remarks on the above vital subject, which is so ably treated in Mr. Pitt's excellent philosophical article, entitled "Life-Culture," in your issue of Oct. 16th. My thoughts, however, have taken a different turn from his. He showed the supreme importance of heart culture; I would call attention to the great need of mind culture.

Having recently made a short visit to a few of the principal Communities in this country, I have been led to consider the subject especially in reference to Communities, for you know how extremely anxious I am for the progress of the noble ship we have named "Divine Civilization," which words are with me synonymous with Divine Communism.

In taking a general view of American Communities I find that, with few exceptions, they have been extremely anxious to cultivate religion, or the heart principles, which is doubtless the right way of going to work to secure a foundation for their improved social edifice; but they have not, as I conceive, been equally assiduous in working at the superstructure, science, or the brain principles. They have not united science with their religion, and this union is one of the great needs of humanity to-day. Indeed, I am persuaded from personal observation, that officials of some of the Communities place positive hinderances in the way of intellectual development. They do not positively say, "You shall not especially cultivate the intellect," as that would cause serious disharmony; but even this is a result of their repressive policy. They permit the light to come upon their Societies only in small flickerings; and, besides, the work of ministering to physical necessities is so imperative and absorbing that there is little time left for mental cultivation, even if other conditions were favorable.

This was the mistaken policy of the government of England and of a large proportion of its upper and middle classes fifty years ago; and some of our American Communities are only at this stage at the present time. In England, at the time of which I write, the taxes on knowledge were high, no less than four pence (or about eight cents) upon every copy of a newspaper; and besides this there was a tax on the paper itself. The ruling classes were heedless of nature's laws in this respect. They thought to stop the flow of the majestic, the divine tide of human progress, but it overwhelmed them, and every tax of this nature was swept from the statute books. The government and all classes have for many years seen that a fearfully mistaken policy was formerly pursued, and have concluded that society is safe only where the hearts and minds of the people are cultivated; and now great attention is given to national education, even to making it practically compulsory. The special teaching of religion is not enjoined in the national system, sectarianism being an insurmountable obstacle. This, however, is carried on, as in this country, from a thousand pulpits and platforms, by city and town missionaries and Sunday-schools, etc. When we get the social system of Christ to coöperate with all this teaching we shall get righteous, happy results, not before; for we need like causes to produce like effects. What is a church if it has not a spiritual and material Communism? It is the mere name of the ship or the ship with every plank loose; but I am drifting from my subject.

I need not state that it is a law of nature—a law of God (for these to me are inseparable ideas)—that the brain as well as the heart should be cultivated, not niggardly, but fully, as we would do other divine work.

We are apt to conceive that it is not a matter of importance as to whether we are faithful or not to many of the laws of nature; but we shall find upon deeper reflection that it is a matter of the utmost importance. God does not do his business in a shiftless manner. He does not place his laws on his statute-book, and let them remain there as dead letters. Whether the laws of the United States or those of other nations are administered or not, his must be. He cannot have his wise, loving, gracious purposes thwarted. The righteousness, the happiness, the eternal advancement of the race, must go on, and it will be disastrous alike to nations and Communities, whether they be large or small, which set at naught or are indifferent to his wise arrangements.

Fraternally,

ROBERT STEPHENS.

WHILE in New York recently we saw some interesting portraits of Wilhelmj, who holds an enviable place in the front rank of living violinists. One large photo-

graph exhibited striking contrasts. Wilhelmj stands in the center of a group of Indians who have evidently arrayed themselves in their best toggery. The savages display all the glories of feathers, new blankets, wampum and buckskin leggins. The great artist stands among them in an attitude of easy repose, dressed in a plain black suit. Doubtless he procured this picture to send to his parents in Germany. By far the best single photograph of Wilhelmj which we saw was one by H. Rocher, of Chicago. The pose was capital, and the finish well-nigh perfect.

[The following bit of domestic drama is copied from an old sketch-book, lately turned up, the hand-writing of which is not unfamiliar to this office.—ED. AM. SOC.]

TIT FOR TAT.

A Play in two Scenes.

SCENE I.

[William sitting by the table, with spittoon at his feet, reading a newspaper and chewing tobacco, occasionally making an observation. Mary, his wife, sitting near in a rocking-chair, her head thrown back, her arms lifeless, and her general expression quite disconsolate.]

William (without looking up from his paper).—Bayard Taylor is engaged for a hundred lectures already. We must go and hear him, Mary, when he comes to this city. Sha'n't we? (Spits.)

Mary (listlessly).—I don't know.

William (after more reading and spitting, looks up to say).—By the way, Mary, I met your cousin John in the street to-day. He promised to call this evening. He is a fine young fellow. How long since you have seen him?

Mary (listlessly).—I don't know. A year, I believe.

William (his eyes on the paper).—The chess-clubs are going to give Morphy a grand reception, I see, when he returns. And now I think of it (looking up), when shall we play that game, Mary?

Mary.—I don't know. I am waiting for you.

William.—I will play by and by, if John doesn't come. (Reads awhile longer and steps out saying), I'll be back in a few moments.

Mary (soliloquizing).—How disagreeable William is with his hateful tobacco! What shall I do? He was once so sweet to me. I used to tell him his lips dropped honey; but now I almost dread his caresses. I wonder how he would like to have me take snuff? He wouldn't let me, I know. Ah! now I have a thought. I'll get Betty's pipe, and William shall see me smoking when he comes back. I'll see how it strikes him. (Goes out and gets a pipe, and lights it by a lamp.) It will make me sick, I am sure, but never mind.

[Enter William.]

Wm.—Mary, what are you doing?

Mary.—I am solacing myself for the loss of my husband's love.

Wm.—Why, Mary, what do you mean! Do you imagine I do not love you?

Mary.—I am sure you do not love me as you used to. If you did you would not use that horrid tobacco. It makes me want to keep away from you.

Wm.—And have you really taken to smoking for consolation? Have you learned to like it Mary?

Mary.—I can learn, and I mean to. Why should I not get happiness out of tobacco as well as you?

Wm.—Well, things have come to a pretty pass. Here we are forsaking each other for tobacco. O Mary, I do not love tobacco half so well as I do you.

Mary.—Don't you wish we had never married, William? We were so happy when I was only your sweetheart, and you were only my lover! You did not use tobacco then.

Wm.—That is true. I did use it before we became acquainted, but my love for you, and the delight I felt in your society, took away all its charm. I detested it when I thought of the kiss that I should claim when we met. My heart was so satisfied with love that I did not want any other stimulus.

Mary.—O, isn't it a pity that we married?

Wm.—No, Mary; do not let us think so. I have been too careless. Marriage I know tempts to the neglect of the little courtesies that sweeten courtship: but I should be a brute, indeed, if, because I know you are mine, I grow indifferent about pleasing you. What should I do if I should lose your heart? O Mary, I love you ten thousand times better than tobacco! I will throw it away. I brought this habit home from the counting-room. The perplexities of business have seduced me into it, and I have not thought what I was about. Let us begin again, Mary. Perhaps we cannot bring back all the enchantments of the honey-moon:

but let us see what can be done to keep the altar of love burning, by treating each other as lovers.

SCENE II.

Mary (with a babe in her arms, fondling it, and worshipping it with her eyes). Dear, little, darling baby! honey-sweet! Mother's precious! kiss its mamma! hug its manma! (holding the baby up to William, who stands preoccupied by the window) kiss papa; kiss him "good night!" Papa, kiss baby; isn't he sweet? (Kisses it herself again and again, and goes out talking baby-talk.)

Wm. (soliloquizing).—Mary's no companion at all to me now. She is so taken up with the baby, I cannot have a word with her. I come home, and she has no endearing welcome. She never comes to meet me. She is always doing something for Willy. If I want to have a cozy hour with her, she is so uneasy for fear he is not well attended to, that it spoils it all. She has no time to read with me. Our quiet table-chats are all gone by. She hurries up before I am half through eating, because the baby must be seen to. O, for a little of that abandonment which used to make me so happy!

[Enter Mary.]

Wm.—Don't you remember, Mary, asking me once if I were not sorry we were married? Now I want to ask you the same question. You are so changed, Mary, you do not care anything about me now.

Mary.—Why, William, what do you mean? How can you say so?

Wm.—Why, you do not give me any of your company nowadays. I feel lonesome here at home. I come and go, and do not see anything of you; you are so taken up with the baby, I cannot find you. The mother of my boy is here, but my Mary, my wife, has gone.

Mary.—Why, what can I do? I must take care of the baby.

Wm.—O Mary, you love it better than you do me, or the must would be on the other side; you would say, "I must be a companion to William, at all events." If you loved me as you did once you would contrive ways and means not to let Willy rob me so much of your society. He has got your affection, or at least your attention, away from me, and I feel forsaken—I can't help it. Is it not a pity we were married?

Mary.—No, William. I am to blame now. I have forgotten my own promise with myself. I never could bear to see a woman lose the wife in the mother. It seemed to me a fall from her high estate, and as bad for her children as herself. You know Mrs. A. has always been my model of a woman, and though she is the best mother I ever saw, she told me once that she had rather lose all her eight children than her husband. I am glad to have you criticise me and wake me up from the spell that has come over me. As great a blessing as the baby is to me, I shall make it a bane if I let it separate me from you. I never will. Take me again, William, and see if I forsake you.

Wm.—Come, Mary. Three times and out! This is the third time we have been married. (Curtain falls as Mary jumps to respond.)

WAGES AND PRICES IN GERMANY.

[The Scientific American.]

According to the official review, by Secretary Evarts, of the Consular reports from Germany, the condition of the laboring classes there is wretched and deplorable.

In the coal and iron mining districts, according to the report of the Consul at Barmen, it is almost impossible for a working man to earn more than enough for his individual support, and every member of the family is required to contribute to the general support. The Consul at Bremen writes that in order to make life possible women in the country raise garden produce, and work on the farms, while in the towns they keep shop, peddle, wash, sew, etc. As illustrating the general depression which prevails throughout Germany, and the wretchedness which exists among her laboring classes, the following extract is introduced from the report of the Consul at Chemnitz: "At the present time [June, 1878], large numbers are unable to obtain employment; the country is full of tramps, both honest and vagabondish, and almost every dwelling in the city is visited daily by at least a half dozen beggars, although begging is prohibited by the law. In this district [Saxony] labor is subdivided, giving one man's work to two, in order to employ the largest possible number. As the husband's earnings are not sufficient for the support of his family, the wife and older children must contribute their share of the weekly earnings. This is a general rule, and applies to all families whose support is dependent on labor." The wages paid to mechanics in Germany are lower than those paid in France, and those paid in France are lower than those paid in Belgium. The

average weekly wages of the agricultural laborer of Germany are as follows: Men without board or lodging, \$3.50; with board and lodging, \$1.80; women, without board or lodging, \$1.55; with board and lodging, 60 cents. With such nominal wages it can be readily understood how, as the Consul at Sonneberg writes, "the workingman rarely eats meat at all in any other form than sausage, and his wife and children scarcely know its taste, so little do they get of it. There is poverty in superabundance in the workingman's home, often verging upon squalor; his children are generally barefooted, and his wife looks haggard and weary of her lot." The following extract from the report of the Consul at Chemnitz will illustrate at once the condition of the working-classes of Germany and their disposition to be happy under the most pinching circumstances: "The poorer classes in Southern Saxony fare very meanly indeed. For houses they have generally a single room, which answers for workshop also. For household furniture, they have a few chairs or wooden stools, a table, stove, and sometimes a loom. For beds, they have the bare floors or straw pallets. For fuel, they have the dead branches fallen from the trees in the king's forest, carried home in their arms. For food, they have black bread, made of rye; coffee, made principally of chicory; a few boiled potatoes; sometimes a little cheese, butter, or goose grease, and on Sundays a pound of meat for a family of five or six persons. But if 'poor and content' is rich, no others within my knowledge can compare in wealth with the poor of this district. They live in villages and love company. When Sundays or holidays come, they meet at restaurants, smoke poor tobacco, drink poor beer, talk, sing, and dance, and seem as happy as if they had a thousand a year."

VISIT TO A PIN FACTORY.

[The Evening Post.]

The pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have ever made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine, about the size and height of a lady's sewing-machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling, that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire, that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

This wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly, one hundred and forty bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little hammer with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and "upsets" it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs, are made to play "like lightning." Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box.

Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make five hundred and sixty pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

Another automaton assorts half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines. Lastly a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head, in an inclined platform, through as many "slots" as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in the boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances. Thus you have its genesis:

"Tall and slender, strait and thin,
Pretty, little, useful pin."

The Rev. Jacob Abbott, author of the famous "Rollo Books" and hundreds of other things for children, died at his residence in Hallowell, Mass., Oct. 31, aged seventy-six. His reputation was set on its feet by what is called the "Young Christian Series." The Abbott family may be said to belong to what Dr. Holmes has called the New England Brahmins. John S. C. Abbott, a brother of the above, was too well known to need more than a mention here. Jacob Abbott himself leaves four sons who have found places in the American cyclopædias; Benjamin Vaughan Abbott is a distinguished lawyer of this State, and his reports, digests

and law dictionary are standard books; Austin Abbott is associated with his brother Benjamin in the practice of law, and is also a novelist of some note; Lyman Abbott was first a lawyer and then a clergyman, but of late years has devoted himself to literature; and Edward Abbott is the editor of the *Congregationalist*, a leading Congregationalist newspaper published in Boston.

RECEIVED.

CAST ONE LITTLE THOUGHT FOR MR. Song and Chorus. Words by Minnie B. Lowry. Music by Will L. Thompson. W. L. Thompson & Co.: East Liverpool, Ohio.

TRAVELER'S OFFICIAL GUIDE of the Railway and Steam Navigation Lines in the United States and Canada. November number. Philadelphia: National Railway Publication Company.

BROOM'S PAPER. Vol. 1, No. 1. A Monthly Journal, Edited by W. W. Broom. Office of publication, Vineland, N. J. Subscription \$1.00.

In its "Opening Words" this new paper says, among other good things:

"We shall endeavor to help all efforts to improve the condition and advance the welfare of the ignorant, the suffering and the oppressed. Be the sufferers Children, Women, or Men—be the weak and injured ones Indians, Colored People, Poles, or Irishmen—or be the Cruelly treated, the animals that are made subservient to the requirements of society—all shall have our assistance.

"On no Deeds, Persons or Topics, will we speak with uncertainty, what we mean we will declare in plain, emphatic language; we will be bold, not reckless—plain, not vulgar—decisive, not dogmatic."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Yakub Khan has got the hypo.

There is a tied in the affairs of married folk.

The Chicago *Tribune* calls him "Bob Injuresoul."

Steamers for Australia now leave London fortnightly.

Ei twoibus unum. Put that on the flag of your union.

General Grant has come this side of the Sierra Nevada.

Zachariah Chandler will not worry the Confederate brigadiers any more.

Have we mentioned that the yellow fever has disappeared from Memphis?

The stump-speaker has us by the ear now, and he won't let go till Nov., 1880.

The photographer is now going to make a little money off the pictures of Cetywayo.

You can scarcely hear Moody talk and Sankey sing, the political newspaper is so loud.

Sally Bates, our spinster, says that marriage is no joke for some folks that she knows of.

A second Blackwood is dead, but the magazine of that name still lives, and takes the conservative view of things.

Canst thou rise up against a sea of the blues and say that this yere tide shan't come ashore while we live? I think you can.

The great Republicans, Evarts and Sherman, left their Cabinet business and made speeches in New York to help their enemy, A. B. Cornell.

The presidential election has already begun in Louisiana. The Legislature that will soon be chosen in that State can appoint Presidential electors for 1880.

It is well to think when you are slumping around in the early snows and banking up your house, that the "good old God" means you well, and that the end of all things hasn't come yet.

The Russian expedition to explore the ancient bed of the Oxus River, with a view to connecting it with the Caspian Sea, has been abandoned, the difficulty in the way of such connection being found practically insurmountable.

The Peace Congress, which met at Naples on the 26th ult. to promote a general disarmament throughout the world, only succeeded in proving that some sort of a fight is one of the nearest and dearest things to the natural man's heart.

The most interesting scheme made known by the Emperor William at the opening of the Prussian Diet is the Government idea of purchasing all the railways in that country and enlarging and perfecting that system of communication.

The British have begun by hanging five Afghans for the murder of the Colonel Cavagnari and his attendants. There has been a little fighting in the Shutargardan Pass to keep open the road by which General Roberts advanced to Cabul.

Mr. Holyoake, the English coöperator, visiting in this country, says the Coöperative Societies of his country have two ships running between this country and England for the transportation of supplies bought here for the Coöperative stores.

The story is that the creditors of Egypt have been trying to prevent the transfer of Cleopatra's Needle to the United States. We do hope those creditors will interfere again, and

if possible keep the Nile, and the Sphinx and old Cheop's pyramids where they belong.

A Chinese company is about to establish a line of steamers between this country and the Sandwich Islands, and then one from these Islands to San Francisco. The Celestials really seem to have an inspiration for business better than that which comes from strong tea.

The Head Constable of Liverpool responds effectively to the State Department's circular, by warning the British public against the false representations made by Mormon agents with a view to encouraging people to emigrate to the settlement at Salt Lake. If the example of this vigilant official is generally followed in Europe much may be done to check the Mormon emigration.

A curious Austrian observer has found out that from 5,400 to 5,800 passengers, leaving a single Vienna railway station every day, one man and from two to three women were the average number of late comers who get left behind. Of every one hundred of those tardy folk there were twenty-nine men and seventy-one women. MORAL.—Give every woman a watch, and see if she won't come to time "when on pleasure bent."

Harvard College has set up a chair for instruction in "heathen Chinese." The new professor is Ko-kun-hua. The form of Chinese to be studied is the Mandarin. There are said to be 445 modulations of tone and 4,000 vocables in the Pekin dialect, and that 20,000 combination characters are "sufficient for the use of beginners." But the less copious Mandarin dialect has some difficulties, since a knowledge of 2,000 or 3,000 characters is only said to be a "respectable knowledge."

Major General "Fighting" Joseph Hooker had an attack of apoplexy at his hotel, Garden City, Long Island, Oct. 31, and was beaten wholly. Social, combative, and as a soldier the "bravest of the brave." He was strongest in attack. His highest military command was that of the army of the Potomac, when he planned the battle of Chancellorsville and was outmaneuvered by Lee and put on the defensive, and finally obliged to withdraw his troops to the north side of the Rappahannock.

Francis Jeffrey, the remorseless critic of the Edinburgh Review, whose intense common sense and searching analysis slaughtered weakly reputations and kept all his writers within bound, seems to have found Dickens a man after his own heart. When "Barnaby Rudge" was published he could not wait over a Sunday before seeing it. From a distance he wrote asking Mr. Napier to have the book sent to his house "on Saturday, as I shall probably arrive too late that night to procure it for myself, and could not possibly live over till Monday without seeing it." "You know, I hope," Jeffrey adds, "that Dickens and I have sworn eternal friendship."

The little plan of France and England to secure the interests of their citizens who have a share in the Egyptian debt is likely to be frustrated by Austria. That Government insists that the French and English Commission appointed to control the Egyptian finances shall be subordinated to the prior claims of creditors who hold mortgages on the estates surrendered by the Khedive's family to guarantee the recent Rothschild loan. As the Rothschild loan was negotiated with the aid of the French and English Governments, Austria's opposition on this point really affects the whole question of European interference in Egypt. This is thought to be the first result of the Austro-German alliance.

General Adams has got back from a successful mission to the hostile Utes. He secured the immediate release of the women and children carried off from the White River Agency. They appear to have owed their lives to the wife of Chief Johnson, as much as any one, she being a sister of the friendly Chief Ouray. The latest statement of the cause of the outbreak enumerates the reputed lessening of the amount of rations, the want of a head chief at the Agency, an interpreter unfriendly to Mr. Meeker, and bad whisky furnished by the ranch men. The trouble is not over, but General Adams is thought to be well fitted for the delicate task of effecting the object of further military operations without actually resorting to them.

In regard to the Inter-oceanic Canal the New York Tribune says: "There is an almost irreconcilable difference of opinion among American engineers about the best route across the Isthmus. Some of them desire that a crossing be made at Nicaragua, where, though it will take four and a half days for a ship to go through the canal, the capital required for the undertaking will be no more than \$86,000,000. Another party of engineers favor a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, where the expense will again be comparatively small, probably not over \$100,000,000 at the furthest, the canal proper being about 31½ miles long and having two locks. A third and numerous party of engineers prefer the magnificent San Blas route, the shortest of all, in a region free from floods, where the ground is hard, and where a canal can be constructed on the sea level, without locks, for \$95,000,000. This is the tunnel route, on which the mountains will have to be bored for 8¼ miles. The advocates of these several plans are enthusiastic and persistent in regard to them; and it is not easy to see how a decision is ever to

be made between them, even should a new Congress be convened to consider the matter."

The German-Austrian alliance is no play—it means business. The Berlin *Heeres Zeitung*, the most authentic interpreter of the German military mind, has said: "Germany knows full well that she is surrounded by foes, and that she will have to defend her position for the next fifty years. The possibility of having some day to defend both our eastern and western frontiers simultaneously has long been realized by our political and military leaders. Germany, from her concentric position, will have little reason to shrink from such a struggle, and she feels, moreover, that she will be supported by valuable allies." The Germans accordingly take account of their resources. According to the Viennese military writers, Germany to-day possesses 1,250,000 men of the Line, Reserve and First Landwehr, from twenty to thirty-two years of age, thoroughly drilled, and 1,300,000 men in the Second Landwehr and Landsturm, aged from thirty-two to fifty, all of whom can be mobilized within twenty-four hours. Deducting 200,000 men to garrison the fortresses, 150,000 for the coasts and the Danish frontier, and 100,000 for depots, they have 2,100,000 trained men available for real warfare, every man of whom within a fortnight can be put within reach of the frontiers.

That good man, General Butler, tells Mrs. Axel Gustafson how he came to be so "bad" in the eyes of the world: "Some twelve years ago, when I was in Congress, a bill was brought before the House, a bill in behalf of the newspapers, to the effect that newspapers should be transmitted through the mails free. I objected to the passage of this bill as a manifest injustice. Newspaper reporters were present of course at this debate. They constituted in fact a sort of Third House, holding the two other Houses *in terrorem*. Members were afraid to speak out their real convictions on vital questions, or, if they spoke, did so with caution and timidity. I took occasion then and there to call the attention of my fellow Representatives to this very point. I urged that a man—especially a man trusted by the people to do the people's work—should hold himself superior to newspaper abuse; should dare to say what he thought; should not dare to withhold his conviction. The bill was defeated. The next morning's papers bore down upon me with every conceivable abuse, and from that day to this they have persistently defamed me, and, what is a thousand times more to me, they have assailed every friend of mine who dared to be openly my friend or to attempt to see any sort of justice done me. It would have killed some men. Fear of such persecution has killed all the manhood out of scores of men brave enough in other things; some men cannot bear up under it. It was meant to kill me, but they made a mistake in their man."

One cold November morning,
All kind companions scorning,
A pensive cricket sought
In melancholy thought
His woes to stifle.
"Alas! alas!" cried he,—
"Ah woe, ah woe is me!
I really do not see
Why I should be
So melan—melancholy.
Ah me!
Let's see."

* * * * *
"It is—ah, well-a-day!
Because my girl's away,
My dimble, dangle Dolly,
My cheery, deary Polly.
Oh, Queen of little girls!—
I like her sunny curls;
I like her eyes and hair,
Her funny little stare,—
Her way of jumping quick
Whene'er she hears me click.
She's loving and she's neat,
She's spry and true and sweet;
And though I caper free,
She never steps on me.
Ke-nick! Kee-nick!
Ker tick! a tick!
And now the thought has come,—
To-morrow she'll be home!
My Polly, Polly, Polly,
My dimble, dangle Dolly!
I'll dance to-night
In the bright moon-light,
To-morrow I'll see Polly!—
Tra la! How very jolly!"

—St. Nicholas for November.

A military man, writing for the November *Atlantic*, reviews the battles of the Revolution and those of 1812, and shows how worthless the militia is for real fighting. In nearly every one of those battles it was the handful of continentals and regulars that stood their ground, and either won the day or saved it from unqualified defeat. The militia as a rule always flee the field. With the Mexican war our Government dropped the militia and began to depend on volunteers to increase its armed forces: "With all their defects of ignorance and non-preparation," says this writer, "the volunteers will be our chief resource in war. I predict that, in case of another great conflict, the regular army will not be largely increased, and the militia organizations will scarcely be used. The first momentous military act of the government will be to levy half a million of United States volun-

teers. If it is wise it will do more: it will at once establish a conscription; and it will assume the duty of officering its own soldiers. Thus the regiments will be kept full; the recruits will be rapidly disciplined by educated commanders and veteran comrades; the expense and demoralization of bounty brokerage will be unknown. It is an important fact, in connection with the question of appointments, that our citizen soldiers prefer regularly-trained officers. My recollection is positive that my old companions in arms soon came to look upon a regiment which had a West Point colonel as a fortunate regiment, was always notable for its fine condition and drill, and rarely failed to acquire special fame as a fighting corps. What men desire above all things, and soldiers above all other men, is success. A leader who gives his followers victory and fame is sure of their preference and devotion."

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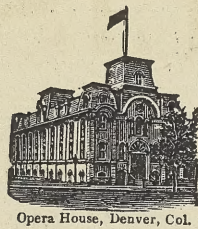
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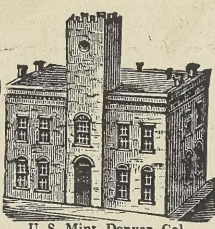


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Denver now has a population of 40,000. Great cities are the outgrowth of great countries. Twenty years ago Denver was a small trading post on the frontier, now it is a large city, with numerous Churches, Hotels, Theaters, Street-railroads, Gas-works, Water-works, Gold and Silver Smelting and Refining Works, with a United States Mint, and is the great Railroad Center of the West. There are seven First-class Railroads now running and connecting with all the Principal and Branch Railroads from Maine to California. It is the Capital of Colorado, naturally the richest State in the Union, and located in about the geographical center of the United States. The climate is charming, with the best water and purest air in the world, and the scenery is unexcelled for beauty and grandeur. It is surrounded by the richest Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, and Coal Mines and Agricultural Lands in America. It is now the headquarters for Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, New Mexico, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, and Northern Texas. The rich mineral and agricultural resources of this vast country will make Denver the largest and wealthiest city in the West.

WHY LOTS ARE GIVEN AWAY.

As the tide of immigration is now in this direction, it is the Company's interest to have people locate in Denver and on their property. To encourage emigration here, the Company will give to any one sending their name and address a warrantee deed, in fee simple, for one or more lots in North Denver, situated in Weld County, State of Colorado, in immediate view of this beautiful city, the only charge being one dollar to pay the Notary Public fees for acknowledging deed and conveyance. The Company does not give every lot away, but each alternate one, and does not expect that every person who gets a lot in North Denver will come here, but a great many will, and they will induce their friends to follow. The increased population will soon make this property very valuable, and this Company retain each alternate lot, which they hold at prices varying from \$25 to \$500, according to location. For this reason the above proposition is made. The deeds are unconditional, not requiring any one to settle or improve, but with full power to transfer and deed to others. The limit to any one person taking advantage of this offer is five lots. This property is not hill-side, mountain, or swamp, but is level, fertile, and has advantages for building upon too numerous to mention. Full and satisfactory information, with indorsements from our best citizens, will be furnished.

CERTIFICATE OF TITLE.

I, W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder within and for said County and State, do hereby certify to the above and foregoing to be true, and title complete to the land therein described according to the records in my office. I further certify there are no abstracts or transcripts of judgments, taxes or other liens standing against said land. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 2d day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] State of Colorado, } ss.
County of Weld, }

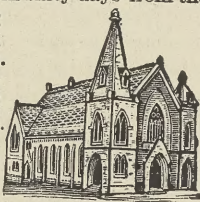
W. C. SANDERS, County Clerk and Recorder

INSTRUCTIONS.

This Company will send by return mail, to any one sending within sixty days from the date of this paper their names, P. O. address, County and State, plainly written in full, a clear warrantee deed to a lot 25 feet front by 125 feet deep in North Denver, Colorado, clear of all taxes. Applications for city lots must be accompanied with one dollar for each lot to pay cost of making and acknowledging deed, postage, etc. The lots then can be sold and transferred at your pleasure. Let all improve this opportunity to secure a home in the richest State in the world. Deeds sent to any part of the U. S. and Canadas. Address all letters to
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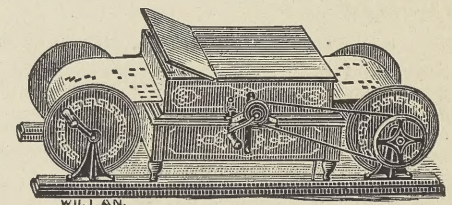
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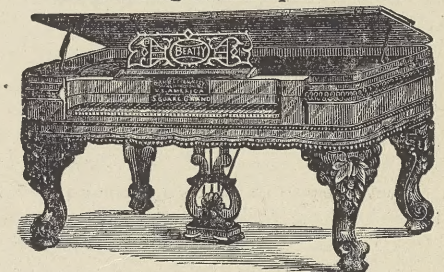
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